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True Blew Protestants.

Those of the Thorough REFORMATION.

I Wish I could call you Friends too, you who call your
selves True Protestants; the Best Reformed, the true
Sons of the Church of England, the only illuminated,
and knowing in the Sacred and Divine Laws; I have long
doubted within my self whether you have (maugre all your
boastings and vain pretences,) either Conscience or Reli-
gion? But now you have satisfy'd my Doubts, and you have
confirmed it to Me, and all the World, you have not a
grain, or spark of either. Nay, you have given Demon-
stration that you have renounced Heaven, and are be-
come Strangers to the living God; that you have lost your
Humane Nature, and are Metamorphosed into the worst of
Animals. O Horours! Who ever could have believ'd it, that
such Villanies could possibly be acted in any place but Hell?
or that it were possible for any thing less than Devil, to Think,
Design, and Perpetrate such Bloody Villanies.

O Unhappy England! What hast thou done to breed such
Vipers in thy Bosom, which gnaw thy Bowels, suck thy blood,
and make their way to wanton Lust and Liberty, through
thy very Heart? Was it not enough to have barbarously Mur-
dered the Father, but you must drink the Blood, the Sacred
Blood of His Royal Sons? 'Tis now Ten years and upwards
you do confess you have thirsted for it; and now at last you
had decreed (had not Heaven by Miracle prevented it) with
your poyson'd Ponyards to have broached those Sacred Vessels,
which are Sealed with the Hand of the Almighty: which
makes it Sacrilege even to entertain a Thought of hurting
Them; But you like Canibals were resolv'd to devour
Them; and with your Blunderbusses Tear them in pieces. Is
this your Religion? Is this your blessed Thorough Reformation?
To subvert Governments by bloody Massacres, and Murde-
ring Princes? and through an Ocean of Innocent Blood, to
swim

swim in the Islands of *Arnarchy*, and a damn'd *Commonwealth*? Where, once more you should become *Brewers Slaves*, or mad with Envy, and fond Ambition, you would eat up one another.

Was it for This your Godly House of *Commons* Voted a Pardon to any Villain who should Murder the King? Was it for This, they would have him Disband his Army; Give away the *Militia* into their Hands; Call over His Army from beyond the Seas; and strip Himself of all his best Friends? Was it for This, His Royal Brother, Queen, and all the Loyal Party must be Banished as a pack of Raskals, and bloody Traytors? Yes, for this it was: And to give you a fair opportunity of perpetrating the blackest, and horridst *Conspiracy* that ever yet was thought on; For This it was you were so buisy in stripping your Royal Master of all His Imperial Prerogatives. For This it was you denyed Him both Money, and Friends. For This it was a Sham *Popish Plot* was (by the Instinct of the Devil) maliciously by you invented, to amuse the people, and stir them up to Rebellion; whilst all the Engines of Hell were at work really to act all those Hellish Treasons, which were by you charged upon the *Papists*. It was for This that Hell was ransak'd, and the damnedst wretches hurried thence, and by you hired to work the Destruction of the Innocent.

O horrid Villains! What have you to say for your selves? Does your Religion teach you this? Is This the way of *Reforming Church and State*? Are These the Fruits of your *Thorough Reformation*? Are These Monsters the best Productions of your Sanctify'd Tribe, the *True Blew Protestants*? Villains! Had you no other Name to assume to your selves, than that of *Protestant*? Why, by these your Black and Hellish proceedings you have blasted the very Name of *Protestant*, and every honest man will be ashamed to own it. Why rather did you not call your selves *Papists*? and as such, with your last breath declare your selves? then had you bravely managed your business; you had left an Eternal Infamy on their Name and Religion, which you so much hate, and abominate; and you had confirmed the World, that the same men who contrived and carried on the first *Plot*, are the great supporters, and managers of this *Hellish Conspiracy*. But to call your selves *Protestants*; Hell! Why rather did you not tell the World you were *Turks, Infidels, Barbarians, Athiests*? For such you are,

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are, or worse. *Protestants* you are not, We disown you ; unless you will make the Name of *Protestant* such a general term, as that it shall include all these I have named, because they all equally protest against the Church of Rome.

I tell you what ; you *True Blew Protestants* ! you *Thorough Reformers* of the Church ; you have made your Religion (had you any) to stink above ground. For this bloody Design was not contrived, and carried on by a few desperate Villains, as was the *Powder-Plot* ; No, here's a Damn'd *Conspiracy* laid, barbarously to Murder your King, and His Royal Brother ; and then charge it upon the Innocent, upon the Loyalists ; and They, and their best Friends are to atone for your Villanies, Treasons, and Murders ; They must (as Guilty) be made one Sacrifice to your unnatural Revenge. Now, all this I say was not only to have been acted by some few profligated Wretches, who were Strangers both to Conscience, and Religion ; but by the Unanimous consent of all the considerable *Dissenting Party* of three Kingdoms. By these very Men who had nothing but Lord, Lord, in their Mouths, when nothing but the Devil, and Revenge was in their Hearts.

Speak, What Answer will you make to what you are charged with ? I fear you have not so much Grace left you as to make you blush when you see your Villainous Designs detected : but rather that you grieve they have not succeeded according as You, and Hell had conspired. But come, for once be ingenious, at least when you come to the Gallows, confess the Truth, and according to your wonted practices, glory in your Diabolical Machinations, say with your *Scottish Brethren*, (those Rebels who were executed in *Scotland* for Treason, Murder, and Rebellion ;) that you hate Monarchs, and Monarchy, refuse to pray for the King, and Royal Family ; and tell the World, that it is the greatest Trophy of your Religion, to overthrow and destroy both Monarchs, and their Thrones. Imitate that great *Hero* of yours the grand Traytor *Russel*, Pray all of you, (after you have owned your own Guilt, confessed the Treason,) that no more of the Kings Enemies may die. Give advice to the Sanctified Tribe you leave behind you, how better to manage the next *Conspiracy* ; and go forth of this life, praying that the Innocent may be persecuted still ; as those Traytors who have gone before you to *Tyburne* to make some little atonement for their Hellish Treason have done. Now what can we expect would be the effect of such Prayers

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Prayers as these? But that a Divine Vengeance may fall upon this Kingdom.

Horror, and Confusion ever attend you, and your Hellish purposes. Is this the Fruits, the Effects of your Zealous Cant and Whining, to prey upon the innocent, and suck the Blood of your Natural Sovereign? is this your acting according to Law? why then let us fly into the Desarts, where nothing but Monsters and Savages inhabit, for here we are not safe. Nay, I'm confident, the Tygers, Bears, and Vultures, will be more gentle, kind, and tender-hearted towards us than you would be, were we once within your Claws. Monsters! boast no more of Religion; Nay do not so much as name it, least you prophane that Sacred Name with your unsanctify'd Lips, for 'tis as clear as Demonstration, you have none at all; But if you do impudently pretend to any, shew but any man of Reason your Works; (for by these you are to be known) and he shall tell you that *Belzebub* is the only God you serve; your Prophets are no other than those of *Baal*; and your Teachers the Imps of the Devil; who have with their ignorance, and Rebellious Principles hurried you into Confusion, and brought you to the very gates of Hell. It was a fine Spectacle, was it not, which we beheld the other day? an unfortunate young Gentleman in the prime of his age, usher'd up to the Scaffold by one of these Wolves in Sheep's clothing, where he behaved himself as if he had had no other business than to make his Congees with a Boon Grace, to put his Wigg, and Crevat-string in order; to have seen his gestures, you would have sworn he had been going to a Ball; or to Court a Mistress, rather than to appear before that All-seeing Eye of Heaven; that great All-knowing Judge, and searcher of the Secrets of Hearts, there to give a just account of all the Actions of his life. And then with his last Breath to proclaim his Innocency after the horrid guilt was manifestly proved against him, and with his own Tongue had confessed the Fact. But these are the Fruits of such Godly Educations. Now if any thing but the Devil would be Educated by such Doctors as these, or profess himself a Member of such a Diabolical Sect as these *True Blew Protestants* are; he deserves to be beg'd for a Fool, or hang'd for a Villain.

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